Volume LXII CHICAGO, JANUARY 28, 1909 Number 22

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Lincoln Centennial Tablets

THE SPRINGFIELD AND GETTYSBURG ADDRESSES

In bronze, gilt-faced fused metal and fused metal, 12in.x20in., in sets for $100, $28, and $25, respectively.

Just the thing for public school buildings, court houses, halls, Sunday-school rooms and churches. All orders to be sent to

ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE
Chicago, Illinois

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 339
The Magazines 340
A Pilgrim Song. *Charlotte Wilson* 349
THE WATCH TOWER 348
Success. *William Ellery Leonard* 340
THE PULPIT—
The Sunday Service: Has it a Life-Helping Place in a Well Ordered Life? Jenkin Lloyd Jones. 341
What is the Matter with the Men? 345
How Long Do You Preach? 346
THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes. M. E. H. 350

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company

FOUNDED IN 1846

SIXTY-THREE YEARS OF HONEST MANAGEMENT

Samuel T. Chase, Ill. Gen. Agent. Monadnock, Blk. Chicago

SCHUMANN & COMPANY
CLEANING
SILKS, SATINS, SUITS, PORTIERS, RUGS
BY NAPTHA PROCESS
ALSO HOUSE RENOVATING BY OUR COMPRESSED AIR AND VACUUM PROCESS
ESTIMATES FURNISHED TWO VACUUM WAGONS
3954 COTTAGE GROVE AVE,, PHONE DOUGLAS 1442

AUTOMOBILE AMBULANCE
TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY

H. D. LUDLOW
UNDERTAKER
Telephone Oakland 1274
659 E. Forty-Seventh St., Near Grand Boul.

SIDNEY WANZER & SONS — WANZER'S Germ-no TRADE MARK — 305 30 TH ST.

WANZERS GERM-NO MILK

Costs you no more, but we spare no expense to have it delivered to you pure.

In the milking, bottling and in the feeding of the cows we are particular.

You get rich pure milk in a thoroughly sterlized bottle.

Phone Douglas 817, Hyde Park 207 and see.

SIDNEY WANZER & SONS
305-307 E. 30th St. 6313-15 Kimbark Ave.

TELEPHONE OAKLAND 1269

H. ZEISS
Tailor
For Ladies and Gentlemen

SEVEN *and* NINE
EAST FORTY-SEVENTH STREET

Phones: Oakland 51, Drexel 5654, United 1038

ADAMS BROS.
Drexel Stables
171 and 173 E. Forty-Third St.
Carriages, Cabs, One-horse Broughams, Theatre Coaches, Light Livery and Boarding.
OPEN ALL NIGHT

12½% Reduction
—IN—
Electric Light Rates
Effective August 1, 1908

ELECTRIC LIGHT is now within reach of every family. Can you afford to be without this modern convenience, when the charges are no higher than for inferior illuminants?

If your house is not wired call Main 1280 for particulars of our deferred payment plan of house wiring.

Commonwealth Edison Company
139 Adams Street CHICAGO

Muir CHICAGO ESTABLISHED 1865

Flowers for All Occasions

4647 Grand Boulevard
Phone Oakland 319
3530 Michigan Ave.
Phone Douglas 319-538

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXII THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1909. NUMBER 22

I WOULD be true, for
there are those who
trust me,
I would be pure, for
there are those who care;
I would be strong, for there
is much to suffer,
I would be brave, for there
is much to dare.
I would be friend to all—to
foe, to friendless;
I would be giving, and
forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I
know my weakness;
I would look up,
and laugh, and lift.

—Published by the James H. West Company, Boston, as No. 53 in their Motto Card series.

UNITY welcomes *"La Follette's Weekly Magazine,"* which is the title of the new venture of the indomitable man from Wisconsin. It is a modest, well conceived, neatly printed, sixteen-page weekly of the size of UNITY. It bears for its motto the fitting words for a reformer, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." It is a paper with a message, edited by a man with a cause, and no matter how many other papers may be taken for news or amusement, there is need of just such a paper as this on the table of every voter, present or prospective. It is good to raise boys and girls with. Let no home-maker be deterred from subscribing by the scare words of "crank" and "hobby," "extremist" or "radical." This paper is edited on the picket line where living men are ever to be found.

"Prejudice" is the suggestive title of a neat pamphlet of ninety-two pages from the pen of Dr. Krauskopf of Philadelphia, and from the Block Publishing Company of New York. The Philadelphia Rabbi discusses the genesis and exodus of this hateful thing. The six chapters discuss the prejudices ascribed to social difference, religious difference, national and economic difference. The discussion naturally concerns itself chiefly with the prejudices against and of the Jew, but it is the same ugly thing wherever found, whether inside of Christianity or American politics or whether it is the racial distinction, far more fundamental than the difference between Jew and Gentile. The two closing chapters discuss the cure of prejudice on the part of the Christian and the cure of prejudice on the part of the Jew, and are full of common sense kindliness. We hope the little book will be widely read by both Christian and Jew.

A thoughtful friend who has much to do with books and papers has cautioned the officers of the Sunday-school at the Abraham Lincoln Centre not to allow the children of the Sunday-school to write their Lincoln quotations on the average available paper, for, however carefully mounted and permanently bound, but little of the modern paper will survive a century, and it is the ambition of this Sunday-school to leave in its library a memento of the Lincoln Centennial that will be an interesting relic, bearing precious signatures, at the second centennial of Lincoln's birthday. In order to secure this end, slips of linen paper of suitable and uniform size will be distributed among teachers and children next Sunday, such slips to be returned on the Sunday following with Lincoln quotations, when possible with accurate reference, and duly signed and dated by the selector. Would not this be an interesting exercise for public as well as for Sunday-schools? If the search is adequately inspired, the repetitions will be instructive as well as the exceptional finds.

We offer no apology for the subject or the somewhat intrusive local matter to be found in our Pulpit Department and the supplemental matter connected therewith this week. This discussion in All Souls Church is simply typical of an agitation wide-spread and far-reaching. Perhaps the large place given to the answers of our ministerial friends as to the length of the sermon may seem trivial; they certainly are monotonous and at first glance superficial; but to discover and reveal the superficiality of this discussion is the very object of both sermon and correspondence. The place of the church in modern life and the power over the individual can never be determined by the hour glass, or even by the magnetism of the preacher or the excellence of the choir. Not until the value of the church service and attendance upon the same is studied psychologically as well as sociologically, not until it is recognized as a pedagogical as well as an ethical problem, will it be beaten out into the clear. The flippant way in which the problem of church attendance is often met, the humorous, whimsical treatment of the problem by the laity, suggests the gravity of the situation. However settled, it is no joking matter, friends. Let us be serious about it.

Among the many other rights which women are successfully claiming in these days is the right to be rich.

The number of millionaire women is rapidly being multiplied. A recent number of the *Woman's Journal* has a significant list. Twenty women are assessed $17,000,000 on personal property. Another score pay assessments on amounts ranging from one to two hundred thousand dollars. Mrs. Russell Sage pays $7,500,000 taxes a year. Seven or eight women exceed John Pierpont Morgan and John Jacob Astor in personal property assessment. We share with our exchange a resentment of the fact that "not one of these women has a right to say as to how taxes shall be spent"; but, at the risk of provoking the resentment of the sisters, we venture to ask for further light on the subject of wealthy women. Necessarily, there is a large element of unearned increment in these women fortunes. How are they investing them? Are they teaching the men the lessons of the higher administration of money? We hope the *Woman's Journal* will some day give us a list of the great benefactions traceable to women of wealth,—not only the old repair shop work of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and caring for the sick,—a work always benignant and always necessary, but the much nobler preventive work of the higher charity,—that which will prevent the making of wrecked ambitions and broken spirits.

The Magazines

The February output of the magazines witnesses to the wide interest in Lincoln, and it is safe to say that the editors have not mistaken the appetites of their constituencies.

In *Hampton's Magazine,* Clara E. Laughlin offers a careful chronicle of the last days of Lincoln and Booth; a painful subject, but still one in which the generations will have an abiding interest. It also contains a poem on Lincoln by Richard Wightman, for the closing lines of which we make room.

"He knew no couch of down, no viands rare, no easy leveled way.
Lonely he fought his fight and gained the need of Wisdom,
Insignia of Poise, and Love's gemmed chaplet, fadeless through the years.
We say that he was born, and date his death.
But while the light seeks out the vales, and darkness holds them close,
This man shall be!"

St. Nicholas contains number seven of Rupert Sargent Holland's "On Abraham Lincoln, the Boy of the Wilderness." The leaf from his exercise book will attract the boys and girls. It will remind the centennial orator that Lincoln was not a bookless man, but that he is no exception to the rule that greatness builds on greatness. He stood on the shoulders of those who had gone before.

The *Century* has a timely study of "Lincoln, the Leader" by the Editor, Richard Watson Gilder, with interesting portraits; one of the first of many poems to Nancy Hanks, by Harriet Monroe; a significant letter from John Hay, describing "Lincoln at the Helm," fittingly backed by a drawing from the life-cast of the great right hand, with ten pages presenting twenty letters that passed between the President and Lyman Trumbull, written before the great ordeal was on.

The American Magazine contains another of the inimitable dialect sketches by Ida M. Tarbell, entitled "Father Abraham." It is another "He knew Lincoln" story which we suspect is a real interview passed through the kindling imagination of the woman who, perhaps of all the biographers of Lincoln, has reached nearest the unapproachable center, the heart of Lincoln.

The Homiletic Review contains some impressions of Abraham Lincoln by the venerable Theodore L. Cuyler, with a beautiful portrait of the Brooklyn Pastor. In "editorial comment" Mr. Lincoln is declared "in essence one of the most religious natives America has ever produced and perhaps in spirit the most religious Ruler since Oliver Cromwell."

Lincoln Steffens' "Sending a State to College" is not a Lincoln article, but it does deal with the most interesting and legitimate sequel to the life of the great Democrat in describing the far-reaching originality, the state-inclusive scope of the University of Wisconsin. It promises the day when the artificial dead line of twenty-one, of American law, which decrees that school shall end and work begin at twenty-one, shall be obliterated, and the child will never know when the responsibility as well as the pleasure of work was not a part of his conscious life, and when the oldest man and woman will never know when they quit studying or stopped growing.

The article in *Munsey* on "Walt Whitman's Early Life on Long Island" is also good collateral reading to the Lincoln student, for Whitman is unquestionably the poet-laureate of the war and the inspired interpreter in verse of the great Captain.

A Pilgrim Song

Ah, little Inn of Sorrow,
What of thy bitter bread?
What of thy ghostly chambers,
So I be sheltered?
'Tis but for a night, the firelight
That gasps on thy cold hearthstone:
Tomorrow my load and the open road
And the far light leading on!

Ah, little Inn of Fortune,
What of thy blazing cheer,
Where glad through the pensive evening
Thy bright doors beckon clear?
Sweet sleep on thy balsam-pillows,
Sweet wine that will thirst assuage—
But send me forth o'er the morning earth
Strong for my pilgrimage!

Ah, distant End of the Journey,
What if thou fly my feet?
What if thou fade before me
In splendor wan and sweet?
Still the mystical city lureth—
The quest is the good knight's part:
And the pilgrim wends through the end of the ends
Toward a shrine and a Grail in his heart.

—*Charlotte Wilson in Scribner's Magazine* (July).

There are many kinds of love, as many kinds of light,
And every kind of love makes a glory in the night.
There is love that stirs the heart, and love that gives it rest,
But the love that leads life upward is the noblest and the best.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE PULPIT.

The Sunday Service: Has It a Life-Helping Place in a Well Ordered Life?

SERMON PREACHED IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, JANUARY 17, 1909, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

"Not forsaking our own assembling together, as the custom of some is, but exhorting one another; and so much the more, as ye see the day drawing nigh."—Hebrews X: 25.

One of the most impressive and tender scenes in modern history is the leave-taking of the little band of exiled worshipers at Leyden of their good Pastor Robinson. The old man could not join them on the adventurous voyage across the Atlantic in search of a new chance,—a chance not to make a fortune, not even to earn a living and build a home, for there was no want among these English refugees; they were welcome to the hospitable shores of Holland; but they were in search of an opportunity to worship their God in the freedom of the spirit and to lay the foundation of a community that would rest on devoutness and liberty. God and the soul were the inspirations of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Speedwell and the Mayflower were waiting in the harbor. Oliver Wendell Holmes has described the scene and given a part of the message:

"While round his feet the Pilgrims clung,
The pastor spake, and thus he said:—

'Men, brethren, sisters, children dear!
God calls you hence from over sea;
Ye may not build by Haerlem Meer,
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

'Ye go to bear the saving word
To tribes unnamed and shores untrod;
Heed well the lessons ye have heard
From those old teachers taught of God.'
* * * *

"He spake; with lingering, long embrace,
With tears of love and partings fond,
They floated down the creeping Maas,
Along the isle of Ysselmond."
* * * *

"And these were they who gave us birth,
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,
Who won for us this virgin earth,
And freedom with the soil they gave.

"The pastor slumbers by the Rhine,—
In Alien earth the exiles lie,—
Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,
His words our noblest battle-cry!"

His plea was for the open spirit. He reminded them that the last of truth was not discovered, that new light was yet to break from out the old texts, that living fountains were yet to overflow for every flock, for every land, and that this fountain must not be obstructed by angry creeds, not even "Luther's dike" or "Calvin's dam."

His next appeal was stated in the words of our text,—"Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as your custom is." It was a great word, a noble message, a mighty sermon, which the old preacher gave to the little weeping flock on the point of their departure, as he admonished them to keep the open mind, preserve the social habit in religion. The sum and substance of the sermon was,—"Look forward, but hang together. The individual soul must be alive; the social compact must not be neglected." Religion makes its appeal to the individual heart; that appeal is enforced by the assembling of the community. Co-operation, the last word in the economic world, the key to material success, was, in the message of Parson Robinson, an essential element in the future triumph of the Pilgrim band.

The sequel of that farewell sermon of Robinson at Leyden is the story of New England; it reaches from Plymouth Rock to Harvard College. Not only Jonathan Edwards, but William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker and Ralph Waldo Emerson are in the line of apostolic succession from Robinson at Leyden. In the past, no one will dispute that the little church of the settlement, the white meeting house of the village, was the center around which New England life was nurtured; there were the great problems of religion discussd and enforced; there the town meeting, the unit of the American republic still, was fostered; there were tutored into faith and tenderness, honor and courage, the men and women to whom most of you trace your ancestry with unconscious pride and increasing reverence. Whatever it may be to you and yours, the assembling together in the interest of morality and religion, with unbroken regularity and unquestioning habit, did have an immeasurable influence, not only upon the individual lives of our fore-elders but upon their corporate life, which has given us our degree of democracy, our measure of liberty, in the commonwealth and in the nation.

The truth of this affirmation, I take it, will scarcely be disputed, but there may be those who will promptly remind me that the times are changed; that things are now different; that other factors are introduced into modern life, and that the exhortation of the writer to the Hebrews, in my text, has lost its point, and the solicitation of Parson Robinson, however well grounded in regard to the life of the Pilgrims and their immediate successors, no longer applies, at least with much force, to the life of today; that there is now a better way, or at least other ways, which rob my text and the Robinson application of the same, of much of its potency.

And so, the question, "Has the Sunday service a life-helping place in a well-ordered life?" is a debatable one, indeed it is debated on every hand; and whatever the theoretic and logical conclusion of the debate may be, the practical solution, the answer given by a constantly increasing number of men and women too, so far as that is concerned, is a negative one. It is an open secret, an admitted fact, that in all churches, church-going on behalf of the men, even in its membership, is a waning habit, and that particularly in our metropolitan and western communities there is a vast army of intelligent, honest, and, to a degree, generous believers in religion and morality, aye, frank endorsers of the church, who recognize its value to the community and its importance, at least, as the Texan Judge said, "to women and children," and so they support it, but whose attendance upon the same is constantly interfered with by other attractions, privileges or duties, as the case may be.

And so, with deliberation, I approach the question once more, although I have no new word to say, no unique plea to make.

At the outset let me make generous concessions and frankly admit that not the argument from tradition, not even the logic of history, can close any question, and every assumption of religion, Christianity or

morality is open to challenge and subject to re-examination by the growing mind.

I at least am not disposed to claim too much for the church. I discover no saving grace in mere church-going; I am persuaded that one may travel the upward road towards excellence without waiting upon the outward allies of religion. I know that church goers are often stupid and that intellects are lulled to sleep within church doors; I believe that the life of the brain is often dosed with spiritual opiates from the pulpit and that listeners are soothed into complacency when they ought to be aroused to think. And even more: I think church-going may be wicked, when it is, consciously or unconsciously, a concession only to the conventionalities; when it is a mild parade of dress and position; when one goes to confess the sins on Sunday which he proceeds promptly to commit with a lighter heart and a freer conscience on Monday. I believe the church is often felt as an influence against some high things in modern life; its halting conservatism, its sectarian accents, its denominational partisanship, go to retard growth. I know of no reason why one should go to a church whose teachings are repugnant to his intellect; I certainly know of no reason why one should go to church for appearance's sake.

But all this leaves the main question, the profounder elements in the church, untouched. These are but passing, incidental and personal factors in the problem, which it is not the province of this pulpit to discuss at this time.

The claims of the church upon the well ordered life must be considered at least in this four-fold aspect, viz., the place of the pulpit in the life of the individual and the community, the value of worship, the social plea,—instituted democracy,—and the importance of the Sunday, the value of the one day in seven for a day of rest. However briefly, we must consider these claims.

First, the sermon,—the length of which distresses so many men in these days, the appeal of which is so easily resented; whose monotony, lack of grace, of power, and whose absence of logic and of culture are so easily established, so keenly felt, and so promptly criticized. And still the high, hard, indisputable facts remain. Take the sermon out of literature and you rob literature of some of its most precious elements; take the pulpit out of history and you have mutilated history hopelessly. Much of what we call literature today and prize, as the books you are supposed to stay at home to read on Sunday, was first uttered by the living voice to living souls, lurking behind expectant ears. The writings of Emerson, Channing, Martineau, Bushnell, Beecher, Swing, Collyer, and hosts of others, living and dead, were originally largely pulpit utterances. The sociologist even more than the theologian today delights in magnifying the value of Bible literature. It is well to remember that the most kindling things in the Old and New Testaments are but fragments, the broken notes of great sermons, that, before they were ever read by the eye, they had passed into the blood of the ages through the ear. "Prophet" is the Bible term for "Preacher." Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the rest of them were great preachers of their day, to their day, and upon the problems of the day. These they handled so well that their sermons, mutilated as they were by the hand of time, are still vital and applicable. The Christian church has laid great store upon the New Testament, basing its convictions on its gospels and epistles. But the true historian goes back of the printed page to the lost sermons of the tireless Jew who went up and down the coast of the Mediterranean, traversed the valleys and crossed the mountains of Asia Minor, preaching, preaching, preaching! Christianity is the outcome of the lost sermons of Paul, the great pulpiteer.

Fourteen hundred years after, political as well as religious liberty found its forlorn hope in a Florentine preacher, when the great Savonarola turned the tide and democracy was vindicated. The anathemas of the Pope himself were unable to break the power of the preacher who gave to Florence a constitutional government, and changed its carnivals of lewdness, extravagance and display into an enthusiasm for reform, the joy of ethics, enlisting the very newsboys of the streets in his campaign against coarseness and debauchery.

Fifty years later the same Christianity was saved from corruption again by the preaching of Martin Luther. Over a hundred and fifty years after that, John Wesley and Whitefield kindled a prophetic fire from which such careful historians as Freeman and Greene date the new era of England's political as well as spiritual potency.

But this line of argument counts for but little with the modern stay-at-home, golfing or slippered Christian. For he is just the man who would go to church every Sunday if only there was a great or even a good preacher to listen to, or at least he thinks he would.

I plead the claims of the commonplace sermon, the plain, ungifted preacher, so far as he is single-minded and honest. It is a poor sermon indeed that does not have in it something of value to both intellect and heart, to the right-minded listener. It is indeed a stupid sermon that does not set forth more truth and goodness, more love and loyalty, than the most critical listener can apply in the week to follow. And this line upon line, this iteration and reiteration of the demands of the moral law, the claims of society, is not outgrown by culture or by competency. There is no substitute for the enkindled voice, the commissioned conscience. The humble leadership of him who, however feebly, undertakes to speak of lasting things, however imperfect his utterance or distorted his vision, is still in some real sense the mouthpiece of the Almighty, the spokesman of God, as the etymology of the word "Prophet" implies. And in the future as in the past, through his agency individuals and communities are to be lured out of the valleys of selfishness up to the table lands of disinterestedness and love. A passing friar, unnamed, dropped a word, unrecorded, from an obscure pulpit in Ferrara, and it found lodgment in the heart of a gay young student. It diverted the tendency of his energies, drove him as a fugitive into his study and the solitudes back of study, and he became the great statesman as well as the great preacher of Florence.

There are countless Savonarolas still in store for humanity who, like this medical student, await the kindling word and the guiding hand of the messenger of righteousness.

"O but," says my stay-at-home brother, "the sermons are long, and often stupid and I am so tired and nervous!" The same man will sit three hours in the biting winds of November to watch the outcome of a ball game, or will sit on a hard bench in fetid atmosphere to listen to the vapid, incoherent pumpings of a political spell-binder. He has time for cards, for

theater, for banquets out of season, and clubs galore, but feels the pressure of time on Sunday. His trouble is psychical, not physical. The sinews of his soul are easily wearied because they are weakened if not absolutely disused.

I am not here to defend stupidity or length in sermons, but I am here to say that the watch is the poorest measure of pulpit value that a man can equip himself with. Start the wheels of the head, release the hair-springs of the heart, and you might as well leave your watch at home for all the good it will do you. Religion offers no apologies for ignorance or stupidity, but surely that is not always the best sermon that is most entertaining. Shame first and disappointment next to the soul that goes to church to be entertained, and thrice shame to the minister who stoops to entertainment. The clamor for the smart and short entertaining sermon finds no encouragement in the practice of the great pulpit powers of the world. Better the halting phrases of an honest man than the most brilliant rhetoric of one who shades his inspiration, who adopts the prejudices and the preferences of his hearers. "I would rather speak ten words of my understanding, that I might also instruct others, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue," said the great preacher of the Gentiles.

The excellencies in a sermon must be honesty, truth-seeking, and truth-telling singleness of mind. However the letter may miss, the spirit of such will win souls.

Neither is the power of a preacher to be measured by the size of his audience. Tell me how to preach, my brother, in such a way as to interest and attract you, but do not ask me to imitate the man who carries the tricks of the clown into the pulpit and who converts the church into a vaudeville performance. God and the ages join with Lowell in honoring the preacher who is—

> "Willing to sink
> Half his present repute for the freedom to think,
> And, when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
> Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak,
> Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,
> Let that mob be the upper ten thousand or lower."

With the growth of modern society the range of the pulpit has immensely increased, and the plain fact remains that if the average business man and favored woman are to be intelligent upon the things they are most interested in, the sociological problems and duties of the day, the tendency of good, the application of science to the problems of life, as well as the new thought concerning the Bible and its applications to the problems of home and society, the chances are that the man in that community who gives most attention to these problems and is most competent to speak is the preacher. And if they are to be informed on these subjects, the impetus to such study if not the results of such study they must receive from the pulpits of today, which today, as of old, constitute the forum where the highest problems are discussed and their noblest solutions enforced. The freest man, probably, of our American life today is the preacher, and the way to the open heart and to the growing mind, most available to most busy men, is the way of the pulpit of his intelligent choice and of his free support.

It is not, then, simply the right, but it is the duty of the pulpit to stand for the human interests that eddy around it; and it has a right to speak to them because it looks at the temporalities in the light of the eternalities; it would solve the problems of the day by the lessons of the centuries.

But the place of the pulpit is no sooner established in the mind of the modern man than the claim of the Sunday service is challenged on the score of the uselessness if not the offensiveness of the devotional part. About the same time that the word came to me that I could not draw business men without shortening the sermon, came the suggestion that if I wanted to "draw men" I had better cut out the hymn, the responsive reading and the prayer. Many men think they would like to go to church if there was nothing but the sermon, which they prefer to call a "Lecture," while others do not hesitate so to time their attendance as to avoid what they call the "preliminary exercises." I do not believe such men understand themselves; they are not just to the deep things in their souls. However difficult it is to establish the theology of prayer, the psychology of a ritual is profound and obvious.

William James in his radical book on "The Varieties of Religious Experience" says,

> "The genuineness of religion is indisputably bound with the question whether the prayerful conscience be or be not deceitful."

Again he says:

> "Petitional prayer is only one department of prayer. Taking the word in the wider sense, as communion with a power recognized as divine, we can easily see that scientific criticism leaves it untouched."

I know that prayer is—

> "The soul's sincere desire,
> Unuttered or expressed;
> The motion of a hidden fire,
> That trembles in the breast.
>
> "Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
> The falling of a tear;
> The upward glancing of an eye,
> When none but God is near."

But I plead for the spiritual economy of prayers as well as of prayer, because I believe that words are counters of thought, that speech helps the mind and heart up the ladder of human experience. The most permanent things of literature are the hymns and the prayers of the ages. The most precious accumulations of life are the same hymns and prayers deposited in the treasure house of the soul by devout father and mother, by the discipline and experience of early childhood and the consolations and inspirations of mature life. Take the prayer out of the Sunday service, eliminate the hymn, and you cut the wires that connect you with the travail of the centuries, the inspiration of the musician, the poet, and the architect. The noblest achievements in all these departments are allied to the church service. I plead for speech; I plead for the reiteration of high sentences and noble thoughts. Well does William James say, again:

> "We meet a new world when we meet the old world in the spirit which this kind of prayer infuses."

Here is a mind cure that is not a petty, sordid attempt to escape the cramps and colics of the flesh, but it is the unconscious road upon which the saints and sages of history have climbed to the serene heights of love and disinterestedness, which has made them physicians of souls, healers of the spirit.

Let the Pagan Epictetus answer this demand. To cut out the prayer, to silence the hymn, to escape the great sentences of the prophets and the bards, modern and ancient, which we love to introduce in the opening ministrations of this church, is to reject our patrimony, imprison ourselves in our smallest and meanest dwellings. This Pagan slave states the argument for all times when he says as quoted by Mr. James:

"Good Heaven! any one thing in the creation is sufficient to demonstrate a Providence, to a humble and grateful mind. The mere possibility of producing milk from grass, cheese from milk, and wool from skins; who formed and planned it? Ought we not, whether we dig or plough or eat, to sing this hymn to God? Great is God, who has supplied us with these instruments to till the ground; great is God who has given us hands and instruments of digestion; who has given us to grow insensibly and to breathe in sleep. These things we ought forever to celebrate. . . . But because the most of you are blind and insensible, there must be some one to fill this station, and lead, in behalf of all men, the hymn to God; for what else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God? Were I a nightingale, I would act the part of a nightingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan. But since I am a reasonable creature, it is my duty to praise God . . . and I call on you to join the same song."

I believe in the sermon, else I would not be here; I believe much in this service of song and prayer, else we would not be here. My words are fleeting; they may or they may not touch lasting things, but Luther's Battle Hymn, "A Mighty Fortress is our God," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Lead, Kindly Light," "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want," "Out of the depths I have cried unto Thee, O Lord,"—the great hymns, ancient and modern, these belong to humanity.

It was a far cry from Savonarola of the flaming tongue to Thomas a Kempis of the humble spirit, but his little book, which was simply a book of devotion and church music, as he conceived it, has outlived all the great sermons of Savonarola.

I believe in the immutability of law, the infinite bounty of an enroaching Providence, the supreme value of self-reliance and individual effort in morals; I believe that "whatsoever a man soweth, that will he also reap"; and still, I believe in prayer; I believe it is not a meaningless concession to old custom, a lurking relic of superstitution. I believe in it because it is the inevitable accompaniment of life; it is akin to the germ that seeks the light, the wings that release the chrysalis. Show me a prayerless soul and I will show you one who has never wept over short-comings, never blushed over sins and selfishness, never suffered from unrequited love, was never baffled in an attempt to realize an unattained good; one who has never wept from sympathy or gloried in beauty.

But, you say, this has nothing to do with hymns poorly sung, with scriptures poorly read. I say that such criticism will knock the foundations from under the home, the school, the opera, the stage, the legislative halls and the courts of justice. Life must not be taken at its meanest; the forces that make society must not be measured at their minimum but at their maximum. A great hymn is the most permanent creation in literature, and the accompanying of the same with fitting musical tones is noble in the effort, splendid in the attempt, glorious in the realization. The value of spoken worship is a question of psychology not theology. It is a problem of pedagogy not of creeds, of art not of philosophy.

But I said the third claim of the church in a well ordered life is found in its social plea, the instituted democracy thus realized. Time forbids argument; I can only state. The poorest creed-bound, dogma-harried congregation is a finer realization of democracy than anything that can be found outside the limits of the church. Here at least men and women, young and old, rich and poor, do meet, sit side by side, blend their voices, and for one brief hour in the week are ministered unto by one another's presence.

The need of this togetherness is becoming more and more urgent every day; our men and women are falling hopelessly apart; the young are drifting away from the benedictions of the church, and society is being riven by class distinctions and money considerations. The church service is the last hope of plain democracy and simple fellowship. The holy togetherness, which is the request of the reformer, the demand of the economist, the promise of science, is being practiced in the simplest and meanest church service more efficiently than anywhere else I know of, however poorly it may be realized here. This is the common claim, reaching from the Salvation Army barracks to the worship at St. Peters at Rome with its stately processional.

Fourthly, the place of the Sunday service in a well ordered life is important because it emphasizes the value of the one day in seven for rest and change. Sunday I believe to be one of the most vaulable institutions which we have inherited from the past. It breaks the weary round; it relieves the enslaving monotony. Without it life would sink into hopeless drudgery and the world would be immersed in feverish haste and sordid selfishness.

This argument seems to be quite to the needs of the stay-at-home man and woman. They are so tired, they need a day of rest. Here again is a question for psychology, not for theology; it is a matter of experience, not of theory. Rest comes not from stupid inactivity, but from illuminating change. The God of Nature whom you affect is not found in his fulness in the belated sleep, the multiplied cigars, or even in the refreshments of the golf field, so much as in the illuminations that come on the uplands of the spirit, in the consolations of companionship, and in the rhythmic habit of the soul that makes a place in life for the altruistic quest and the communion with the centuries.

"O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company.

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay."

The problem is solved in the well ordered life. The tyranny of a bad habit is often dwelt upon, but not too often, but the benignity of a good habit is too seldom emphasized. It is so hard to go to church once in a while, it is so easy to go regularly,—this is the law of the virtuous life. The high functions of the soul, like those of the body, grow automatic, inevitable. The conscious good is only half good, unconscious good, unquestioned habit, the *ordered* life is power, is peace, is blessing.

I have claimed for the pulpit a permanent value in the life of the modern man, an increasing and not a decreasing significance of the sermon; I have hinted at the consolations of the great hymns, the inspirations of the deathless scripture, the divine benedictions that wait upon human aspirations. I would argue for the Sunday service as the larger sitting room, the home of the wider family, and as the holiest emphasis upon the holiest day of the week; a day not for idleness, but for work in the upper fields.

All these arguments do but point to the final argument which alone persists in the growing demands of morality and religion today, and that is the growing opportunity for service. The Sunday service is the mounting of the guards, placing on duty the sentinels that are to protect human life and to extend the

boundaries thereof. Not comfortable upholstery, a superb soprano, an eloquent preacher, a short sermon, or an abbreviated ritual constitutes the greatest argument for the modern church service in an ordered life, but the opportunity it gives for work, the discipline and training that fit one to be a member of the body-guard of righteousness, the army whose battle song is the old hymn of Isaac Watts:

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

"Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

"Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

I sent with my New Year greetings a copy of a little book written by my friend, Dr. Crooker of Boston, on "The Church of Today" to the men whose names are on our parish mailing list, whose money and more or less intermittent support help to sustain this great Abraham Lincoln Centre, and about one-eighth of the number have already acknowledged it, expressing their opinion concerning the book at more or less length.

[The substance of these letters is printed as an addition to the sermon.]

Realizing how inadequate an answer this sermon is to the question propounded, how fragmentary the argument, I must content myself with the hope that it has at least set a few men and women thinking again upon high problems, and I must believe that the only answer to this and all other questions of life is not the short answer of the day but the long answer of the generations. Not what pleases but what disciplines; not that which we enjoy or gratifies our sense of ease and of pleasure, but that which inspires us to do hard things and to stand for higher things, has a permanent and an undeniable place in a well ordered life.

What is the Matter with the Men?

The following correspondence, though local and personal, will interest our readers, not only because it shows an attempt on the part of a preacher to find his people, but also because it is a contribution to as it was the provocation of the discussion in the sermon published above.

THE LETTER.

Chicago, January 1, 1909.

To the Men Friends and Supporters of All Souls Church:

Dear Friends: The church of today is either an expensive, troublesome and incidental encumbrance upon life or a central factor in the well-being of society, the maintenance of which is a social and personal privilege as well as an obligation. The decreasing habit of church attendance on the part of men is a matter of comment in all the churches. How to draw men is the current form of an acute question among church trustees and ministers. In order to secure a more regular attendance on the part of men, suggestions are made by some that the sermon be shortened, while others would eliminate the prayers and hymns.

Is it a question of sex? Is there a fundamental difference between the needs and tastes of men and women in this direction?

These and kindred questions are frankly, earnestly and ably discussed by my friend, Dr. Joseph H. Crooker of Boston, in his little book entitled "The Church of Today," which has the unique record of having been put forth simultaneously by three different denominational publishing houses, viz., the Congregational, Universalist and Unitarian. With this letter I am sending a copy of this book to every gentleman whose name is on the mailing list of All Souls Church, and I ask you to accept the same with my New Year's compliments.

I hope the book will interest you at least sufficiently to secure a candid reading. I shall be glad to know the result of such a reading in any way you may elect.

Hoping to further clear the problem, I will preach on Sunday morning, January 17, on "The Sunday Service—Has it a Life-helping Place in a Well Ordered Life?" at which service your attendance is respectfully solicited, as well as at the Annual Dinner of the church, which will take place on Thursday evening, January 14. At this meeting reports of all the activities of the year will be rendered and you will have an opportunity to judge for yourselves as to the returns for your investments.

Thanking you on behalf of All Souls Church for your support and coöperation in the past, and soliciting a continuation of the same, I wish you

A Happy New Year!

Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

THE ANSWERS.

"I am sorry the circulation of such a book is necessarily restricted."

"I am reading the book with increasing interest, and the more I read the more I am resolved to make more practical application of its merits."

"I believe most thoroughly that the church has a place in the life of today, and the reason why so many people seem to neglect it is that they look upon religion merely as one of the activities of life, when it is really life itself."

"I have read the first chapter; expect to read it all carefully; when I have done will write you at length concerning it. My answer will be a long one, therefore you may be several months in getting it."

"I consider the maintenance of the church a social and personal privilege as well as an obligation. . . . Music has always been to me an important feature in worship. I certainly would not discontinue the use of the old hymns. I remember what an impression in my early days such hymns as 'Jesus Lover of My Soul' and 'Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah' made upon me, and in later years the 'Holy, Holy, Holy' rendered so often in our churches, takes great hold on me."

"I have made a number of excursions into the contents of this book and feel great pleasure in noting its display of common sense and rationalism. When time allows, I hope to read it entirely through, I am sure with much profit to myself."

"Notwithstanding the fact that I seldom hear you of a Sunday, I am still interested in you and your work. I shall read Dr. Crooker's book with added interest."

To be honest, I had read to date only a portion of the book. Its leaves are now all cut, but it has not had the careful reading which it deserves and warrants. It impresses me as a most thoughtful treatment of the "problem" of the need and worth of the church to the community. Speaking for myself, I believe in the church and what it stands for. It is my custom to attend its service, and I find it helpful. There are different views held of the comparative value of *service* and *sermon* and of the subject matter of the latter. If I had to choose between the two, I would hold to the service and let the sermon go. As to the sermon and of what it should treat, I was struck with the remark of the "Railroad President," (page 99), "I am glad that I came to church today, for you did not bother me about Darwinism or Socialism, but you have made me ashamed of my sins," and of the "College Professor," (page 100), "Thank you for the *peace* that you gave me this morning, *that I so much needed. You did not take me back into the laboratory, but up into the heights to worship God.* I may be wrong, and I know there are those who will differ from me, but it seems to me that what people want in the sermon is something that will give them *peace* and a spiritual uplift, and this they do not get in a treatise on the political situation, though they may receive some additional insight into it. Daily papers and magazines teem with this and kindred subjects, and one gets saturated with them through the week, and desires something more spiritual and uplifting on a Sunday morning. This is all personal. I have not touched upon the "problem" of the book. I confess to a feeling of helplessness and inability to give any new or worthy thought on it, or to suggest a remedy for existing conditions. The subject is such a complex one I am constrained to leave it to those of clearer thought and insight.

How Long Do You Preach?

As further collateral material to the sermon and the correspondence above, the following correspondence will be of interest. There is a monotony in the replies, but there is vividness and poetry in the wide range of the answers, stretching, as they do, from ocean to ocean, across denominational boundaries, and from one theological pole to another.

THE QUESTION.

Dear Brother: The man who "would go to church if the sermons were not so long!" hangs around the margin of nearly all parishes, I suppose. I am asking a few ministers who do hold congregations to indicate on enclosed cards, not their theory but their practice in this matter.

What is the average length of your sermons? If you have a minimum and a maximum limit, please indicate them.

I may or may not use the information thus obtained editorially, with or without names, as may seem best.

Fraternally yours,
Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, October 30, 1908.

THE ANSWERS.

Marion D. Shutter, Minneapolis, Minn.:

My sermons will probably average thirty or thirty-five minutes. I have no minimum or maximum limits. In the evenings we frequently have lectures which run over an hour. Sometimes these lectures are by myself upon those phases of thought which are most interesting to the public mind; sometimes by others. The necessities of the subject are always my guide as to the length of either lecture or sermon.

Mary E. Andrews, Kansas City, Mo.:

I aim to average the length of my sermons to thirty-five minutes.

Joseph Stolz, Chicago:

In reply to your inquiry I will state that I usually preach thirty minutes, rarely less, occasionally ten or fifteen minutes longer.

Mary A. Safford, Des Moines, Iowa:

Maximum forty-five minutes; minimum, twenty minutes: average, thirty minutes.

Morris Newfield, Birmingham, Ala.:

The average length of my sermon is twenty minutes. Maximum is twenty-five while minimum is eighteen minutes.

Isidore Lewinthal, Nashville, Tenn.:

From twenty to thirty minutes; never beyond thirty.

Eleanor E. Gordon, Des Moines, Iowa:

Maximum limit of sermon, forty minutes; minimum limit, twenty-five minutes. If a minister cannot interest his hearers in a discussion of important themes for thirty minutes, then he would better choose another profession. It is not the length of the sermon that keeps men from going to church; it is rather the absolute indifference to ethical and religious subjects.

Charles R. Brown, Oakland, Cal.:

I preach in the morning from twenty-five to thirty minutes and at night from twenty to twenty-five.

Charles E. St. John, Philadelphia, Pa.:

For fifteen years I wrote sermons and they were always about twenty-five minutes in length. For ten years I have preached extemporaneously. I am never less than thirty minutes and often forty in length with a distinct leaning towards the merciless side! Thus far the people continue to listen.

R. A. White, Chicago:

I take from forty to fifty minutes without notes to unburden my ponderous mind. I have been guilty when heavily loaded of taking an hour. I have also taken an hour when I was not loaded. Thirty minutes tearing around to get a good start and thirty minutes straight away. Generally speaking anything over forty minutes is too long. I should say on general principles that a good rule would be forty minutes, with an inclination to mercy.

Stephen S. Wise, New York City:

I do not believe there are many men "who would go to church if the sermons were not so long." I do believe there are many men who would go to church and synagogue if the sermons were worth while, that is, spoken by living men on living themes. I do not say "timely topics," but living themes, by which is meant themes of real and abiding interest to the souls of men. The trouble is not with the sermons which are too long, but with the sermons which are too thin and weak and anaemic. My minimum limit? I fear I magnify my preaching office in point of time. I rarely preach less than forty minutes, and average fifty. The sermons are not too long, though sometimes they may seem too long. The sermon is often the scapegoat, when the blame should be placed upon the lengthy and tedious service. The living word must come to be looked upon as something more than a more or less endurable interruption of the service.

A. Eugene Bartlett, Chicago:

The usual length of my sermons is thirty-five minutes. The extreme limit forty-five. I have never been found fault with for preaching long sermons and have often been asked after a long sermon why I did not speak longer.

C. F. Dole, Jamaica Plain, Mass.:

I have considerable sympathy with the man whom you describe. I think thirty minutes is enough and I am vexed with myself if I overrun this. My desire is to say my best on a given subject within twenty-five minutes. There may be instances when one may go on for forty-five for some special occasion, but we had better be very shy of taking these liberties. My "practice" is just about thirty minutes.

Julian C. Jaynes, West Newton, Mass.:

Maximum length thirty-five minutes, seldom reached; minimum, twenty-five. Usual length thirty minutes; whole service one hour.

J. T. Sunderland, Hartford, Conn.:

The usual length of my sermon is thirty-five minutes. I sometimes fall two or three minutes short of that and sometimes reach forty minutes. On extraordinary occasions I reach forty-five or fifty minutes.

Edward Everett Hale, Boston, Mass.:

Twenty-five minutes. No maximum, no minimum. But if there is any special parish work, let the chairman of that committee report himself on that from the pulpit and take the time you give him out from the sermon.

Robert Collyer, New York City:

Thirty-five minutes with a leaning to the side of mercy.

C. G. Ames, Boston, Mass.:

Sermons at the Church of the Disciples range in length from thirty to thirty-five minutes, the whole service—invocation to benediction—occupying sixty-five to seventy minutes.

J. H. Crooker, Roslindale, Mass.

Thirty-five minutes with a leaning toward mercy! About that almost always. Don't believe in the nonsense about short sermons. People who justify themselves for not going to church because sermons are too long simply don't want to attend church at all. Sermons are too long only to those who have neither intelligence nor pity. How silly to complain about long sermons and spend hours in wading waist deep through the sandy newspaper track. Ministers ought to deal more plainly with these people and ventilate their foolishness!

A. Judson Rich, Dighton, Mass.:

My minimum length of sermon is twenty minutes, maximum twenty-five, with strong temptation to reduce to fifteen and twenty.

E. A. Coil, Marietta, Ohio:

I have no maximum and minimum limit for my sermons. I try to keep within the thirty minute limit, but occasionally go beyond it, and frequently fall below it. I think, as I look over my old sermons, that the chief reason they do not interest the man hanging "around the margin" is that they are made up of twenty pages of words containing one or two pages of thought. But what is a man with thought limitations to do?

Newton Mann, Omaha, Neb.:

My discourses seldom fall inside of thirty-five minutes and often extend to forty-five; sometimes to fifty-five. The latter figure is for me and mine about the outside limit of endurance.

C. S. Patton, Ann Arbor, Mich.:

I never preach more than thirty minutes, and usually not more than twenty-five. If I could preach better I would preach longer. I never hear any complaint that my sermons are too short. I can say in twenty-five minutes all I can think of in a week. There are many men to whom I should like to listen longer than thirty minutes, but not me.

O. C. Helming, Chicago:

My sermons average twenty-five to thirty minutes; they vary little from that mark. Maximum limit forty minutes; minimum, twenty.

G. R. Dodson, St. Louis, Mo.:

In reply to your inquiry of October 30, will say that the average length of my sermons is thirty minutes, seldom less than twenty-eight or thirty and not often thirty-five.

Once or twice a year I may continue for forty minutes, when the interest is evidently great and it does not seem possible to get the statement out in less time. I carefully prepare an abstract amounting to several type-written pages, but do not take it to the pulpit with me. I am as brief as I know how to be and quit when I get through.

Richard W. Boynton, Buffalo, N. Y.:

I am holding my whole service within the hour 11 to 12 or 12:05, because of Sunday-school at 12:15. The sermon is twenty-five to thirty minutes long, never exceeding thirty minutes. In St. Paul I used often to run to forty minutes, and usually found people as ready to listen that length of time as a shorter. Occasionally some one would grumble about length, but that was when I had been dull. Now I enjoy seeing how much can be packed into twenty-eight or thirty minutes, and think the effort to compress is good for me, and not bad for the people.

Frank Newhall White, Chicago:

Morning sermons twenty-five to thirty minutes long, evening sermons from twenty to twenty-five. I set as the maximum limit thirty minutes, the minimum ten. The other evening I actually preached a ten-minute sermon, though I confess it stands out as a solitary instance. I probably shall do it again at future special services.

John Howland Lathrop, Berkeley, Cal.:

My sermons are pretty uniformly twenty-five minutes long. Once in a while I preach but twenty minutes.

E. Stanton Hodgin, Los Angeles, Cal.

I aim at a thirty-minute sermon, but run over much oftener than I run under.

William Day Simonds, Oakland, Cal.:

I usually preach about forty minutes. If I find that I am not hitting somewhere near the center of the target I stop at the first decent stopping place. If the matter in hand is unusually important I am a full hour on the firing line. Prolonged and severe preparation is the secret of successful preaching, if there is any secret.

Frank S. C. Weeks, Indianapolis:

I prepare myself for twenty minutes, but usually am carried on five minutes more. As I aim to hit one point, this gives me plenty of time. I believe in Sam Weller's theory, that if I cut it short, they "will wish it was more."

A. Eugene Bartlett, Chicago:

I preached forty-five minutes last Sunday morning from a manuscript, and had a greater response than from any this fall. Maybe the subject "Christ and Woman" had something to do with it. In my judgment it all depends on circumstances. Ordinarily I would say thirty minutes plenty long, "with a leaning to mercy." Better to leave them hungry for more than fully satisfied. A man who has toiled, yea agonized over his subject will have a hearing. You recall about the boy who asked if the minister was through, replied, "Yes, long ago., but he won't stop talking."

Eugene R. Shippen, Lancaster, Pa.:

My sermons rarely exceed thirty minutes in length. Inquiry has shown that to be satisfactory to the large majority. A few wanted shorter sermons. About the same number wanted longer sermons. The latter were professional men, teachers, etc., who were trained listeners. The former were business men accustomed to telegraphic and telephonic brevity. I don't believe many stay at home from church on account of long sermons. Dullness, not length, is the real reason. Why are stay-at-homes such liars with respect to excuses?

Henry Wilder Foot, Ann Arbor, Mich.:

I rarely preach less than twenty or more than thirty minutes; generally running from twenty-three to twenty-six minutes.

B. Leavitt, San Francisco, Cal.:

My sermons average about thirty-five minutes—are often only twenty; and when treating some important question of the day sometimes reach thirty minutes; but that is the absolute limit. I make a point of stopping when I get through.

W. Hanson Pulsford, Chicago:

It seems to me a fellow ought to have something worth saying to say and to stop when he has said it. Violation of either rule makes a long sermon. When these rules are kept the sermon is short. My own attempt to keep the rules results in my speaking on Sundays from twenty-five to forty-five minutes.

A. M. Ribbany, Toledo:

The minimum length of a sermon with me is forty-five minutes; the maximum one hour. The majority of my sermons, say from November to May, measure as a rule the maximum length. I say to my hearers if they wish for twenty minute sermonnettes to go somewhere else. "In season" the capacity of our audience room is taxed.

David Utter, Denver, Colo.:

My practice in Denver has been to hold the sermon time to thirty minutes accurately. I stop short of that time more frequently than I exceed it. I am within a minute of the thirty at least thirty times in the year. In Salt Lake I preached without writing and often forty-five minutes, though not half the sermons were so long as that; a few were fifty minutes; none filled the hour. In Chicago I aimed at thirty minutes, but sometimes transgressed, and the same was true in my missionary work in Washington territory. I think thirty minutes is best, should be the rule, and transgression is transgression. But you did not ask my views.

Durand J. H. Ward, Fort Collins, Colo.:

The man who "would go to church if the sermons were not so long" is not telling the truth. He simply is not interested, and does not care to give the true reason. Sermons are not long. Everything else that he attends is longer. The man is crystallized in commercialism. My sermons are from twenty-five to thirty-five minutes. Whole service, one hour to one hour and ten minutes. It is alive from first to last, but that will not bring said man. He doesn't want to go deep nor hear ideals. These are not pleasant to the conscious practice of this age.

John Snyder, Wellesley Hills, Mass.:

Maximum thirty-five minutes. Minimum, twenty-five minutes. A wavering line. The "long sermon" man is usually a fraud and a humbug. He would not go to church if the sermon were ten minutes long. Unfortunately the city man who is having an increasing power commercially and industrially is having a decreasing power intellectually and spiritually. The religious views, the literature, the politics, the dramatic tastes of such men grow more shallow. This will go on till we find some serum that will cure or lessen the virulence of the "dollar disease."

George A. Gordon, Boston, Mass.:

The minimum length of my sermons is twenty-eight minutes; the maximum, beyond which I never go, thirty-eight minutes; the average, thirty.

Ulysses G. B. Pierce, Washington, D. C.:

My experience is that it is not length but lack of depth that is the real barrier. People do not think of mere length unless that dimension is the only perceptible quality. From twenty minutes to fifty, according to theme and occasion. Can do much in half an hour, if there has been time to sift.

W. F. Fox, Chicago:

Thirty to thirty-five minutes.

S. M. Crothers, Cambridge, Mass.:

As to sermon length, I intend to preach thirty minutes. I am liable to be forty. As the clock in our church is in front of the preacher and not of the congregation, I have the advantage of knowing the real time and of being sure it is not as long as it seems to them.

Charles W. Wendte, Boston, Mass.:

My sermons are from twenty-five to thirty minutes long, with a leaning to the side of mercy. If notes are not used in delivery the sermon may be five or ten minutes longer. It is a growing impression with me that the services, not the sermon, need shortening—for men, at least.

George A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio:

My sermons for years have been about thirty minutes in delivery. I judge that unwritten sermons are listened to with more unconsciousness of the lapse of time than the written discourse, which is my form.

Frederic A. Hinckley, Philadelphia, Pa.:

Thirty minutes is my sermon time. I don't let it vary more than five minutes either way.

William Bryan Forbush, Detroit, Mich.:

I plan to preach twenty-five minutes and rarely exceed thirty.

R. F. Johonnot, Oak Park, Ill.:

I aim to preach thirty minutes but rarely keep within that limit. I frequently run to forty-five minutes; sometimes more. Think the average length is from thirty-five to forty minutes and is probably near the thirty-five minute limit.

S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse, N. Y.:

Forty to forty-five minutes.

T. R. Slicer, New York:

Your inquiry prompts me to say that I seldom preach less than thirty-five minutes and I try never to exceed forty-five minutes. Our service moves as a whole from the opening call to worship, antiphonal between minister and choir, to the benediction; there is no break in the tone of

the service. The climax, it is hoped, is in the prayer before the sermon, and an effort is made not to let the sermon impair the sense of worship. It is very unusual for the theme to be anything not immediately concerned with the spiritual life and the building of character. There are plenty of other opportunities for other themes at other times.

B. A. Van Sluyters, Grand Rapids, Mich.:

My sermons are from twenty-five to thirty minutes long. Once in a great while they run to forty-five minutes. But I consider that too long. I always try to attain the ideal length—twenty minutes—but I seldom succeed. Still I consider that sermon a very poor one which fails to be attractive to an audience for at least thirty minutes.

W. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.:

I didn't "hold" congregations when I tried to, and now don't try, you know; and one sure reason I didn't was because the sermons were too long—rarely under forty minutes, not seldom forty-five to fifty, occasionally fifty-five to sixty. Was often remonstrated with and by good friends. Didn't try very hard to repent and sin no more. Of course everything over thirty minutes depends on the quality of the sermon, the quality of the speaker, the quality of the congregation; but in these rather chip-chop days, when everything is wanted short and quick, I guess the three qualities seldom combine to allow more than thirty minutes.

W. G. Eliot, Portland, Ore.:

In reply to your note of October 30, touching the length of sermons. I incline to think that people whose church attendance is affected by such things are not so much affected by the length or shortness of sermons as by whether they seem long or short. My average is, I think, about thirty minutes, running some days to forty minutes. My ideal for my own sermons is thirty minutes. The length of the sermon may properly depend somewhat upon the length of the rest of the service.

T. L. Eliot, Portland. Ore.:

My sermon habit is short; never over thirty minutes; often twenty. And I wish I was brave enough and had enough brains to make it fifteen with proportionate quality.

Willard B. Thorp, San Diego, Cal.:

The average length of my morning sermon is forty minutes. My impression is that it is only the sermon a man isn't interested in that he wants to have shorter.

Harry White, Natick, Mass.:

I usually preach about thirty minutes, my people say. I don't keep track of it. But I think they prefer sermons from twenty to thirty minutes rather than from thirty to forty; shorter rather than longer.

Fred Albion Weil, Bellingham, Wash.:

In response to your query sermons will average about thirty minutes, sometimes a little less and sometimes a little more. Minimum limit about twenty-five minutes.

Minot Simons, Cleveland, Ohio:

I never preach less than half an hour, and occasionally for forty minutes. My aim is a thirty-minute sermon.

J. E. Wright, Montpelier, Vt.:

My sermons are usually about thirty minutes in length, without much leaning to the side of mercy. Occasionally, if not semi-occasionally, I continue talking for forty minutes. I am glad your question does not refer to depth.

W. W. Ramsay, Louisville, Ky.:

I preach forty minutes almost invariably. I have no minimum or maximum limit. I lean toward mercy on days when there is a great deal of music, and extra ceremony, as on Easter and Christmas.

Thomas Van Ness, Boston, Mass.:

Sermons preached from manuscript average twenty-five to thirty minutes; sermons without are always thirty-five minutes long; now and again a few minutes longer. In so far as I can learn—after being a minister sixteen years—no one has complained of the sermons' length. At the Vesper service the sermonette is not over ten to twelve minutes long, yet I do not find the attendance as good.

Leo M. Franklin, Detroit, Mich.:

I speak from twenty-five to fifty minutes, according to occasion and subject. I believe that "short" sermons appeal to the people, but the term is relative after all. Those who listen at all will listen as long as the speaker has something to say that is worth while.

Tobias Schanfarber, Chicago:

Of course the length of my sermon depends upon the theme. I never preach less than twenty-five minutes and never more than forty-five.

Harry W. Ettelson, Fort Wayne, Ind.:

I, too, have some members of the species you designate, though the number is a negligible factor as far as it affects my procedure. I preach regularly about twenty-five minutes or half an hour, very rarely under or over that length.

Max Landsberg, Rochester, N. Y.:

There is no exact limit to the length of my sermons. I am accustomed to speak until I have said what I have to say. But the average length is from thirty to forty-five minutes. I should add that we have a ritual service which with the songs of the choir takes up about forty-five minutes.

Lorenzo Case, Chicago:

How long do I preach? Till I get through. It always takes twenty-five minutes, sometimes thirty, rarely thirty-five. I believe, however, that one should keep as close to the twenty-five minute limit as possible.

John C. Kimball, Greenfield, Mass.:

I am glad of your inquiry and of the excuse it affords for writing you. One of my many ministerial sins has been too long sermons, though sometimes it has been of a deeper dye than at others. On rare instances it has been as venial as thirty minutes, ordinarily thirty-five and forty minutes; and on some occasions when the theme has been an occasional one, I have been guilty of an hour and an hour and ten minutes. Once when I spoke in the Mormon Tabernacle and had an audience of three thousand before me, I found at the close, to my horror, I had spoken an hour and a half. However, as I was about to weep in repentance over such awful depravity, the good Mormon brethren comforted me by saying it was very short for them; and that one of their elders had once preached seven hours, and then sent them home only to get supper and assemble again to hear his two hours' close. They went on to tell me that it made no difference to them how long a man was in his sermon, if it was only interesting; and if it wasn't, their custom was to have two elders sit behind the preacher and after five or ten minutes gently take hold of his coat tails and pull him down into his chair. Practically I have found that a congregation will listen with interest twice as long to a spoken discourse as to one that is read from a manuscript and also about twice as long to one in the evening, especially if it is a lecture, as to one in the morning.

The Watch Tower.

The Cause of the Children.

There was introduced in Congress, last December a bill providing for the establishment in the Department of the Interior of a bureau to be known as the Children's Bureau, whose duty it shall be to investigate and report upon all matter pertaining to the welfare of children and child life. For the promotion of this legislation there has been organized in New York The National Child Labor Committee, under whose auspices there is to be held this week in Chicago, the Sixth Annual Child Labor Conference. Sunday, January 24, has been set apart by many churches all over the land as Child Labor Day, when the causes and extent and effects of the employment of children will be dealt with from the pulpit. This is a move in the right direction. The more interest the churches show in these vital problems of our civilization, the more clearly and powerfully will they be able to proclaim the Gospel of the Kingdom.

Death of Attorney Luther Laflin Mills.

Last week, Wednesday, January 20, occurred the funeral services of the late lawyer and well-known orator. Many organizations, public and private, attending the funeral at the residence, which was conducted by Bishop Fallows, Rev. Frank Carson and Rev. Henry Hepburn. Mr. Mills has been for several years, one of the foremost figures on important civic occasions in this city, and was perhaps regarded as its leading lay orator. Deeply interested in the higher ideals of life, Mr. Mills gave much time and strength to the bettering of civic and social life.

Our Busy Legislature.

It is a well known fact that very little legislation of value to the people is likely to result from a session of the legislature whose duty it is to elect a United States Senator. And the present trend of affairs at Springfield seems in no wise calculated to make Illinois an exception to the rule. Our state is behind many other states in several particulars, and those who have been sent to the General Assembly have a sacred charge. It is certainly discouraging that the people's interests are so far lost sight of in the fight over the personal interests of certain political factions. The maintenance of a legislature is a costly thing, the state is not paying men to get together

for the purpose of advancing their own schemes. Any system of election which diverts men's efforts and energies away from the performance of those things for which they have been elected, works against the spirit of our institutions. Moreover, the interests of the people of Illinois suffer at Washington. Such men as Senator Hopkins and Mr. Lorrimer ought to be in Congress attending to the duties for which they are paid. When men in office manifest more concern about securing their positions than about performing their sworn duties, it is time some one should call them to account.

Industrial Accidents.

People have heard and read so much of the frequent terrible loss of life coincident with our present industrial pursuits that the present disaster on Lake Michigan, in which a number of workingmen were burned or drowned, makes little lasting impression. The accident may have been caused by the carelessness of an employee, but any employer knows that such things are likely to happen among a band of men, and it goes without saying that in such a place, and under such conditions, the employer is responsible for seeing to it that no such results can follow the carelessness of any one man. This is only one of many indications of the need of legislation for the protection of workingmen, legislation, however, of such nature that its practical benefits to the employee cannot be lost through the operation of casualty companies, whose interest it is to settle with the injured for as little as possible, and who have the advantage of the employee in every way, in effecting such settlement. The trouble is due to the fact that modern industry is more concerned about profits than it is about human life.

The Tennessee Night Riders.

Justice seems to have been able to accomplish in Tennessee what it has been unable to do in Springfield, Illinois, secure the conviction of men who participated in the murdurous deeds of a mob. These law breakers began their work of intimidation and violence in the struggles of certain planters against the Tobacco Trust. The states of Kentucky and Tennessee have witnessed a sort of reign of terror since. It is well that the court made it clear that any person joining a mob or other lawless band is responsible for any such acts as may be committed, whether or not he can be shown to be the person actually guilty of the deed of violence. But going one step further, is not a corporation whose acts stir up the worst passions of the community, and breed a general spirit of lawlessness, in a sense particeps criminis?

Trinity Church and Public Opinion.

There seemes to have been much criticism of the management of the estate of Trinity Parish, New York. No one is found to question the integrity or business policy of those who have the matter in charge, but people seem to be a little bit shocked that the church administers its affairs according to the philosophy of the modern business world. People expect a certain amount of sentiment or idealism in the business dealings of a church, and is not the very fact that they expect it to be different, an unconscious condemnation of something fundamental in our industrial system? Without going into the merits of the case, when public opinion forces upon a church, a change in its policy so important as the publication of its financial affairs for the first time in many years, the question naturally occurs, is the church really a leader in the progress of civilization, or is it following the lead of some other forces?

E. D. M.

Prevents Anti-Japanese Legislation.

The President's telegram and letter to Governor Gillett, of California, expressing his deep concern about the proposed anti-Japanese bill recently introduced in the legislature of that state, is credited with having warded off any further trouble with Japan on that score. The governor seems to feel that since more Japs are leaving than new ones coming, at least of the Coolie class, there is no need of further antagonizing the government of the Mikado, and apparently the bill will not become a law. The whole matter is interesting in more ways than one.

Both Sides of the Oil Question.

Although the supreme court recently settled the famous $29,000,000 fine in a way quite satisfactory to The Standard Oil Company, the decision of the same court anent the Texas case against the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, one of the numerous subsidiary organizations of Standard Oil, is exactly the opposite in character. By the judgment of the lower court, now finally affirmed, this Missouri company is compelled to pay a very large fine and is also debarred from further business in the state. In this case the decision of the court was unanimous and was definite enough to indicate that future efforts to control "soulless corporations" and monopolies need not end in failure.

Hundreds Saved by Wireless Message.

Early Saturday morning, the Steamer Florida, inward bound from Naples, collided with and rammed the Republic, enroute for Mediterranean ports, and the latter vessel began to sink. As the Republic was equipped with the wireless apparatus, the message was quickly sent broadcast over the Atlantic, calling for aid, and in a few minutes the Revenue Cutters Gresham and Achusnet, from the New England coast, had started for the scene, the steamships Baltic and La Lorraine, which had recently passed the Republic on their course for New York, put about and headed for the stricken vessel, and ere long the steamship Lucania and the steamship New York also joined in the rush to rescue. The details are interesting but the significant fact is that a total of nearly two thousand persons, many of whom would almost certainly have perished, were every one saved by means of this new servant, which has been harnessed by the genius of man. Four people were killed and some others injured in the collision, but otherwise no loss of life occurred. The coolness and courage of the officers, the triumph of a recent achievement of science, the instant response of all those near enough to lend aid—these things are significant of the times in which we live, and prophetic of the still grander humanity of tomorrow.

Battleships Not Postal Savings.

Congress has decided that the peace of the world can best be secured by the building of two new 25,000 ton batttleships, the largest and most expensive in the world, but it now seems certain that the Postal Savings Bank, advocated by the President and by Postmaster General Meyer, and likewise the Parcels Post, will not be provided for. $29,000,000 for new naval vessels, but not one cent for these desirable improvements in our local commerce or even for securing a fleet of steamships to carry our own commerce with other nations. Surely this policy will hardly be commended by "the people" of this nation, when once their voice is heard.

Fight Against Judge Cleland.

Athough Municipal Judge Cleland has received deserved praise and honor for his method of using the parole system with adult offenders, he has been criticized by many of his associates and just now seems to be under renewed fire. Whatever the legal relations of the matter, it seems evident that Judge Cleland regards the purpose of the law as two-fold—the protection of society and the reform of the criminal, but not ever the mere satisfaction of abstract "justice." It is to be hoped that all punishment will be confined to these two purposes and the help and reform of the wrong doer made preeminent, limited only by the adequate protection of society. Surely Judge Cleland has accomplished a vast amount of good and will receive the sympathy of every man interested in the uplift of all men and women—not merely those who are good!

C. A. O.

SUCCESS.

The people have imagined a vain thing
Touching the old issues that are life. Success
Will still be reckoned in the more or less
Of riches, lands, or station; still we bring
Our homage to those paltry gods who fling
These paltier favors round—to Custom, Dress,
To Etiquette, Discretion, Cleverness,—
And still would smile if one once more should sing:
"Success is character, as riches are
In knowledge which no fire nor fraud can take;
The good man, conscious of the morning star,
Shall own all lands as lovely for his sake;
His station is with counsellors afar,
Who for eternal justice work and wake."

—*William Ellery Leonard in the Christian Register.*

I grant to the wise his meed,
But his yoke I will not brook,
For God taught *me* to read,—
He lent me the world for a book.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDTOR ..... EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITORS ..... MRS. WM KENT, MISS MARY E. HAWLEY

THE WATCH TOWER:
C. A. Osborne E. D. MARTIN. Payson S. Wild

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Wilson M. Backus, James A. Blaisdell, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Robert C. Denison, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Charles R. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, Newton Mann, E. P. Powell, Granville Ross Pike, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, Hiram W. Thomas, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

A PRAYER FOR GENEVA.—The following beautiful prayer, with its introduction, occupied the place of honor in the New Year issue of the *Signal de Geneve.* I believe many readers will be glad to see an English version of it.

"At the beginning of the year 1909, which will be of such capital importance to Geneva, being the year in which Genevans make their first trial of Separation, we know no better way to fortify our souls than to hear the prayer for Geneva of a man of the sixteenth century.

"Mr. Jules Nicole recently translated this admirable page from the private journal of Isaac Casaubon, the great Genevan humanist. It cannot be too often read or too deeply pondered. With little fear of contradiction, we venture to say that nothing more beautiful, virile, and lofty has ever been uttered concerning Geneva. Casaubon wrote this prayer the 1st of January, 1603." That is little more than a fortnight after the unsuccessful attempt of the Duke of Savoy to take the Protestant City of Refuge by assault on the night of December 11, 1602. Casaubon was at that time living in Paris.

"O God and Savior, I would fain at the beginning of this new year address my supplications to Thee on behalf of my loved ones, but a more important matter gives a different direction to my thought. What mean these tidings from Geneva? A rumor is current that the enemy has thrown himself into the city, but that by Thy grace he has been valiantly repulsed. If this be so, and I see that almost every one says so and believes so, it is a signal favor for which we are evermore indebted to Thee; and not only we, citizens of Geneva, but all those, wherever they are, who are animated by a love of the true religion. There is no devout soul but should address to Thee his supplications for the maintenance of the Church of Geneva, and should thank Thee for having guarded it. It is with a swelling heart, O God of power and majesty, that I begin the year with the discharge of this obligation, by meditating Thy praises, reflecting on Thy power, O Thou who dost always, or commonly, choose the weak things by and through whom to confound Thine enemies. This city bears most perfect witness to this transcendent power. Since the true worship of Thy divinity was established therein what plots have there not been for its destruction! . . . The nations have essayed in every way, now by open force, and now by stratagem, but in vain. It is still —O may it ever remain!—the immovable rock upon which the furious waves dash in vain. Nevertheless Thine enemies, O God, cease not to attack it! Let them continue so to do, provided only that their efforts serve to quicken in our souls the flame of true piety! May it be thus, O Father! I do not ask Thee, O merciful God, to guard this city, for Thou wilt guard it, if its citizens keep Thy law. What I ask of Thee rather, is that Thou wilt defend and protect it from the army of vices that assail it. And, since the sons of perdition would destroy, not merely the flock of Thy servants assembled there, but all those anywhere attached to the true faith, I humbly pray Thee for the whole church."

I find this learned author of a treatise "On Ecclesiastical Liberty" characterized as a "moderate protestant," but moderate seems a cool word for the author of this fervent prayer. Who would not like to feel that there were countless hearts touched with as deep a love for God and our own great city!

M. E. H.

FLOWER MESSENGERS.

Illustrated by Irene Jerome Hood.

1. Flower Messengers. Evelyn H. Walker.
2. Did'st Thou, My Dandelion?
3. It is but a Daffodil!
4. Just a Head of Nodding Clover. Juniata Stafford.
5. Sweet Brier. William Byron Forbush.
6. The Water Lily. M. F. Butts.
7. Who Plants a Flower. W. Emmet Gatewood.
8. Flower in the Crannied Wall. Tennyson.
9. The Buttercup. Margaret Deland.
10. Spring Violets. N. P. Willis.
11. The Rose.

LINCOLN CENTRE SHOP
Abraham Lincoln Centre
Chicago.

PERFECT WORK AND PERFECT SERVICE
INSURE SATISFACTION AT THE
DREXEL LAUNDRY
3905-11 Langley Avenue
Phone Douglass 642

CREAMERIES;
Beecher, Ill.
Orland, Ill.
Goodings Grove, Ill.
DOWD PURE MILK CO.
4326-34 Wabash Ave.
Phone Okland 474
Milk and Cream of the highest grade bottled in the Country.
OUR MOTTO;
Purity, Cleanliness and Efficient Delivery.

ESTABLISHED 23 YEARS.
HAVE YOUR

Carpets and Rugs CLEANED
BY OUR
Sanitary Compressed Air Cleaning Process
We make New Rugs from your Old Carpets; also Rag Carpet in Latest Designs
THE ABT RUG AND CARPET CO.
839 S. Halsted Street Phone Canal 747

KODAKS and Supplies
Developing and Printing
W. G. VALENTINE, Prescription Druggist
3900 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE

SAMUEL A. NAHIN
Ladies' Tailor and Habit Maker
Suite 804 Masonic Temple
Phone Central 4562

California Limited

Santa Fe

For first class travel only.
All other trains to Southern California, via any line, carry second-class sleepers and second-class passengers.

For art booklet of the Limited, address W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr. A. T. & S. F. Ry. System, 154 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

This train of luxury will take your family away from cold weather to sunny California. Has a Pullman for Grand Canyon of Arizona.

THE LARGEST ENGINES IN THE WORLD

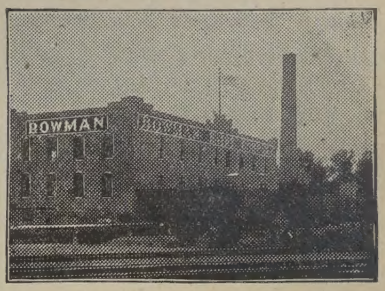
Keep CHICAGO & ALTON Trains
On Time Between
CHICAGO · ST. LOUIS · KANSAS CITY.
"The Only Way"
GEO. J. CHARLTON, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT. CHICAGO.

Patronize
Our Advertisers.

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
'Phone Oakland 78. 192 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY



Finest Cream Butter Churned Daily
Choicest Buttermilk

So. Side:
4221-29 State Street
CHICAGO EVANSTON OAK PARK

WRIGHT & COMPANY

STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC

Telephone Yards 1298
Main Office and Storage Yards
1023 to 31 Thirty-Fifth St. CHICAGO

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
SAVANNAH, GA.

Through service on the new Birmingham, Ala., extension of the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL
CENTRAL MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE
RAILROAD

consisting of a

THROUGH BUFFET SLEEPING CAR

running between Chicago and Birmingham and Savannah, Ga. The sleeping car is carried out of Chicago daily on the "Limited" train No. 3, for the South, leaving at 6.00 p. m., arriving at Birmingham at 3.15 p. m. the following afternoon and at Savannah at 7.35 a. m. the second morning from Chicago, in connection with the Central of Georgia Railway from Birmingham.

BUFFET-LIBRARY CARS
in and out of Chicago,

DINING CARS
serving all meals en route between Chicago and Birmingham. Coaches between Chicago and Fulton, and

FREE CHAIR CARS
Fulton to Birmingham. Corresponding service northbound.

Tickets, reservations and information, train time and rates may be had of local ticket agents.

S. G. HATCH, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.
A. H. HANSON, P. T. M., Chicago, Ill.

J. Friedberg's Shade Factory
Store, Office and Fancy Shades a Specialty
WINDOW SHADES
3969 Cottage Grove Av.
Phone Douglas 2259 CHICAGO

HAND SAPOLIO
FOR TOILET AND BATH
Delicate enough for the softest skin, and yet efficacious in removing any stain. Keeps the skin in perfect condition. In the bath gives all the desirable after-effects of a Turkish bath. It should be on every wash-stand
ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS

Bissel Hand Laundry
231-235 E. 39th St. Near Langley Av.
Domestic Finish Only
Phone Doug. 1003
Satisfactory Work Punctual Delivery

F. HOPE & SON
PAINTS ENAMELS ACME QUALITY STAINS VARNISHES
Painting and Decorating
Painters' Supplies
We are Distributers for ACME PAINTS, Varnishes, etc
3821 Cottage Grove Ave.
Tel. Douglas 665 CHICAGO
ESTIMATES FURNISHED

Ideal Cream
Prepared by
For Chapped and Rough Skin
WILLIAM F. DATZ, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST
N. E. Cor. 39th St. and Vincennes Ave.

Patronize
Our Advertisers.

BERNET & CO.
Phone Douglas 1136
Fine Residence Work Especially
Electricians and Locksmiths
3985 Cottage Grove Ave.

Love and Loyalty
By JENKIN LLOYD JONES

PRESS OPINION

We have read it with delight. Whether judged by the standard of thought or style, it is a classic of its kind.—Westminster Review (Philadelphia).

The great glowing soul of Mr. Jones is felt on almost every page. Free lance though he is theologically, he knows how to present the Christian life to young people winningly and to show them how it touches every detail of their daily behavior.—Congregationalist.

His gospel is hearty, wholesome and practical; his spirit is catholic, humane and inspiring. The temper of the book, like the temperament of the man, is bravely optimistic, with hardly a touch of pensiveness.—The Record-Herald (Chicago).

They are sermons to inspire pure living, and high thinking, and Christian teachers, even Baptists "in their little shell," will find in them many admirable thoughts and illustrations for the encouragement of youth.—The Watchman (Boston, Mass.).

NEW TESTAMENT
Translated by an evolutionist, with evolutionary notes by the best liberal scholars. Part 1 now ready, 25 cents.
Common-Sense Bible Teacher
St. Paul, Minn.

Fourth Edition
RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.
Seven Great Religious Teachers.
By Jenkin Lloyd Jones.
I., Moses; II., Zoroaster; III., Confucius; IV., Buddha; V., Socrates; VI., Jesus; VII., Mohammed.
UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
Abraham Lincoln Centre
Chicago.

JOHN E. ROCKEFELLOW
Painters' Supplies
4321 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 409 CHICAGO

PRINTING
We solicit the patronage of all those requiring First-Class Printing and Engraving at reasonable prices : : : :
Oakland Printing House
161 East 39th Street
Phone Doug. 4305